

FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"This was easy, because Barry Conant, not knowing of my newly invented trick, could buy only what he could pay for on the morrow, or, at least, what he believed his clients could pay for; while I, not intending to deliver what I sold—unless by smashing the price to a point where I could compel those who had bought to resell to me at millions less than I sold at—could sell unlimited amounts—literally unlimited amounts. When Barry Conant had bought all that he thought he could pay for, he was obliged to beat a retreat in front of my offerings, and I was able to smash, and smash, until the price was so low that he could not by the use of what he had bought, as collateral, borrow sufficient to pay me for what I had sold him. Then he was compelled to turn about and sell what he had bought from me, and when I had bought it for ten millions less than I had sold it for, the trick had been turned. I had sold him 100,000 shares say at 220. He had sold them back to me say at 120, and he stood where he had stood at the beginning. He had none of the 100,000 shares. Both of us stood, so far as stock was concerned, where we had stood at the beginning, but as to profits and losses there was this difference: I had ten millions of dollars profit, while Barry Conant's clients, the 'System,' were ten millions losers—and all by a trick. The trick did not differ in principle from the one in constant practice by the 'System.' When the 'System,' after manufacturing Sugar stock, sell 100,000 shares to the people for \$10,000,000, they so manipulate the market by the use of the \$10,000,000 that they have taken from the people as to scare them into selling the 100,000 shares back to them for \$5,000,000. After they have bought them again manipulate the market until the people buy back for \$10,000,000 what they sold for \$5,000,000. The 'System' commits no legal crime. I committed no legal crime. I had not even infringed any rule of the exchange, any more than had the 'System' when they performed their trick. Since my experimental panic I have repeatedly put the trick in operation, and each time I have taken millions, until to-day I have in my control, as absolutely as though I had honestly earned them, as the laborer earns his week's wages, or the farmer the price of his crops, over \$1,000,000,000, or sufficient to keep enslaved the rest of their lives a million people.

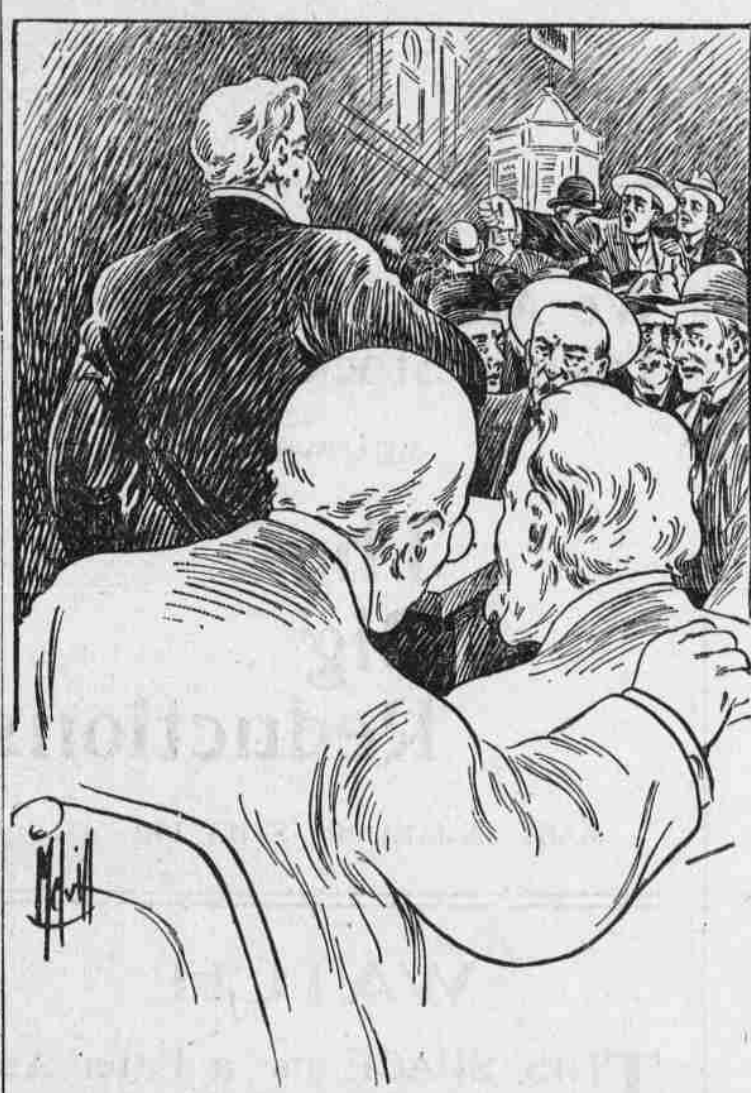
"What do you intelligent men think of this situation? You know, because you know the stock-gambling game, that the American people, with their boasted brains and courage, come year after year with their bags of gold, the result of their prosperous labors, and dump them, hundreds of millions, into this gambling inferno of yours. You know that they are fools, these silly millions of people whom you term lambs and suckers. You chuckle as, year after year, having been sent away shorn, they return for new shearing. You marvel that the merchants, manufacturers, miners, lawyers, farmers, who have sufficient intelligence to gather such surplus legitimately, would bring it to our gambling hell, where upon all sides is plain proof that who who conduct the gambling, and who produce nothing, are obliged to take from those who do produce, hundreds of millions each year for expenses, and hundreds of millions each year for profits—for you know that we have nothing to give them in return for what they bring to us. You know that every dollar of the billions lost in Wall street means higher prices for steel rails, for lumber and cars, and that this means a higher passenger and freight rates to the people. You know that when the manufacturer brings his wealth to Wall street and is robbed of it, he will add something to the price of boots and shoes, cotton and woolen clothes, and other necessities that he makes and that he sells to the people. You know that when the copper, lead, tin, and iron miners part with their surplus to the 'System,' it means higher prices to the people for their copper pots and gutters, for the water that comes through lead pipes, for their tin dippers and wash boilers, and for their rents, and all those necessities into which machinery, lumber, and other raw and finished material enters. You know that every hundred millions dropped by real producers to the brigands of our world means lower wages or less of the necessities and luxuries for all the people, and especially for the farmer. You know that it is habit with us of Wall street to go along the doctrine of the 'System,' which the people parrot among themselves, the doctrine that the people at large are not affected by our gambling, because they, the people, having no surplus to gamble with, never come into Wall street. And yet, knowing all this, you never thought, with all your wisdom and cynicism, that right here in this institution, which you own and control, was the open sesame for each or all of you, to those great chests of gold that your clients, the 'System,' have filled to bursting from the stores of the people. What, I ask, do you wise men think of the situation as you now see it?"

There was an oppressive stillness on the floor. The great crowd, which now contained nearly all the members of the exchange, listened with bulging eyes and open mouths to the revelations of their fellow member.

Bob Brownley paused and looked down into the faces of the breathless gamblers with a contempt that was superb. He went on:

"Men of Wall street, it is writ in the books of the ancients that every evil contains within itself a cure or a destroyer. I do not pretend that what I am revealing to you is to you a cure

for this hideous evil, but I do say that what I am giving you is a destroyer for it, and that while it will be to the world a cure, it may leave you in a more fiery hell than the one of which you now feel the flames. I do not care if it does. When I am through, any member of the New York stock exchange who feels the iron in his soul can get instant revenge and unlimited wealth. You who are turning over in your minds the consideration that your great body can make new rules to render my discovery inoperative, are dealing with a shadow. There is no rule or device that can prevent its working. There are 1,000 seats in the New York stock exchange. They are worth to-day \$95,000 apiece, or \$95,000,000 in all. Their value is due to the fact that this exchange deals in between one and three million shares a day. Were any attempt made to prevent the operation of my invention, transactions would because of such attempt drop to five or ten thousand shares per day, or to such transactions as represented stock that will be actually delivered and actually paid for. To make my invention useless it must be made impossible to buy or sell the same share of stock more than once at one session, and short selling, which is now, as you know, the foundation of



Robert Brownley Glared Down Defiantly as a Sullen Growl Arose from the Gamblers.

the modern stock-gambling structure, must likewise be made impossible. If this could be done the \$95,000,000 worth of seats in the exchange would be worth less than five millions, and what is of far greater import to all the people, the financial world would be revolutionized. Men of Wall street, do not fool yourselves. My invention is a sure destroyer of the greatest curse in the world, stock-gambling.

A sullen growl rose from the gamblers. Robert Brownley glared down his defiance.

"Let me show you the impossibility of preventing in the future anyone's doing what I have done to you so many times during the past five years. All the capital required to work my invention is nerve and desperation, or nerve without desperation. It is well known to you that there are at all times exchange members who will commit any crime, barring, perhaps, murder, to gain millions. Your members have from time to time shown nerve or desperation enough to embezzle, raise certificates, give bogus checks, counterfeit stocks and bonds, and this for gain of less than millions, and when detection was probable. All these are criminal offenses and their detection is sure to bring disgrace and state prison. Yet members of this exchange desperate enough to take the chance, when confronted with loss of fortune and open bankruptcy, have always been found with nerve enough to attempt the crimes. I repeat that there are at all times exchange members who will commit any crime, barring, perhaps, murder, to gain millions. That you may see that my successors will surely come from your midst from time to time during the future existence of the exchange, I will enumerate

the different classes of members who will follow in my footsteps:

"First, the 'In God We Trust' schemer who is the 'System' type, but who is outside the magic circle. A man of this class will reason: I know scores of men, who stand high on the 'Street' and in the social world, who have tens of millions that they have eluded by 'System' tricks, if not by legal crimes. If I perform this trick of Brownley's, the trick of selling short until a panic is produced, I shall make millions and none will be the wiser. For all I know, many of the multi-millionaires whom I have seen produce panics and who were applauded by the 'Street' and the press for their ability and daring, and whose standing, business and social, is now the highest, were only doing this same thing, and having been successful, they have never been detected or suspected. But even suppose I fail, which can only be through some extraordinary accident happening while I am engaged in selling, I shall have committed no crime, and, in fact, shall have done no one any great moral wrong, for if I fail to carry out my contract to deliver the stock I have sold in trying to produce a panic, the men to whom I have sold will be no worse off for not receiving what they bought; in fact, they will stand just where they stood before I attempted to bring on a panic.

"Second, if an exchange member for any reason should find himself overboard and should realize that he must publicly become bankrupt and lose all, he surely would be a fool not to attempt to produce a panic, when its production would enable him to recoup his losses and prevent his failure, and when if by accident he should fail in his attempt to produce a panic, the penalty would simply be his bankruptcy, which would have taken place in any event.

"The third class is that large one that always will exist while there is

stock-gambling, a class of honest, square-dealing-play-the-game-fair exchange men who would take no unfair advantage of their fellow-members until they become awakened to the knowledge that they are about to be ruined by their fellow-members' trickery.

"Next, let us consider further whether it is possible for our exchange to prevent my device from being worked, now that it is known to all. Suppose the governing committee was informed in advance that the attempt to work the trick was to be made. If, at any session, after going strike, the governing committee, or any exchange authority, could for any reason compel a member to cease operating, even for the purpose of showing that his transactions were legitimate, the entire structure of stock-gambling would fall. Think it through: Suppose a man like Barry Conant or myself, or any active commission broker, begins the execution of a large order for a client, one, say, who has advance information of a receivership, a fire at a mine, the death of a president, a declaration of war, or any of the hundred and one items of information that must be acted upon instantly, where a delay of a minute would ruin the broker, or his house, or its clients. If the governing committee could thus call the broker to account, the professional bear or the schemer, who desired to prevent him from selling, would have to pass the word to the president of the exchange that the broker in question was about to work Brownley's discovery and he could be taken from the crowd and before he returned his place could be taken by others and he could be ruined.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUALITIES OF THE OYSTER.

One Particularly Good Point Which Bore Might Emulate.

A San Franciscoan has discovered a new method of cutting short recitals that promise to become too long-winded. An acquaintance of his, who has a local reputation as a bore, was one day holding forth at some length when the Californian interrupted him with: "By the way, did I ever tell you the story of the oyster?" On receiving a negative reply, he continued: "It seems that when oysters are taken

from the sea they often open their shells so that the juice or liquid runs out. As this is undesirable, the experienced oyster gatherer has a tub of water close at hand into which the oyster is plunged as soon as it begins to open its shell." "Well, and what then?" asked the other as the narrator paused. The San Franciscoan smiled. "Oh, after a while the oyster learns to keep its mouth shut," he remarked quizzically.

You cannot sin with your eyes and be stainless in your heart.

HELP BUILD STATE

NECESSITY OF PATRONIZING HOME INDUSTRIES.

LOCAL MARKET IMPORTANT

Improvement of Town Must Mean Enhancement in Value of Farm Lands Surrounding It—All Classes Benefited.

There is much to interest the student in economy in the bulletins issued by the government relative to the results of the census of manufactures for the year 1905, and in the reports of the department of labor and commerce pertaining to industry and manufactures.

In 1905 there were 216,262 manufacturing establishments in the United States. In these establishments \$12,686,265,673 capital was employed, and work given to 5,470,321 wage-earners. To these wage-earners were paid for the year \$2,611,540,532, and the value of the products turned out reached the enormous sum of \$14,802,147,087. Among the states New York leads in the amount of capital invested in manufacturing and also in the annual value of products. The year covered by the census report showed that the capital invested in manufacturing in the state of New York was \$2,031,459,515, and the value of its manufactured products, \$2,488,345,579. Pennsylvania stands second in rank, Illinois third and Massachusetts fourth.

It is interesting to note that the value of the manufactures in the United States for the year 1905 was more than a billion dollars greater than the combined manufactures of the three greatest European manufacturing countries during the year 1900, the latest reliable reports from these countries obtainable. In 1900 the United Kingdom, Germany and France produced manufactured articles to the value of \$13,030,000,000. During the past year—1907—it is estimated that the value of American manufactures was approximately \$15,000,000,000.

Manufacturing in the United States is mainly confined to a territory which includes the area north of the Potomac and Ohio, and east of the Mississippi river, commonly designated as the New England and Middle states, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Yet every state in the union has its manufacturing plants, and the south is making much headway in cotton and lumber manufacturing, the western states in flour and cereal products, in lumber and in iron and steel, and a little progress in other lines.

One of the noticeable things about manufacturing districts is that though the soil in contiguous country be poor, it is of greater value than like areas in the rich agricultural districts, owing to the manufacturing towns affording a direct—a home market—for all the produce grown. In a speech made before the Fiftieth congress, Hon. William McKinley, our martyred president, said: "The establishment of a furnace or factory or mill in any neighborhood has the effect at once of enhancing the value of all property and all values for miles surrounding it."

Mr. McKinley spoke a truth that should impress itself firmly upon the minds of all good citizens who would see their home place prosper. Wherever there are people there must be a means afforded them to obtain a livelihood. In cities and towns there must be either commerce or manufacturing in order that the town exist. Improvement of the town means enhancement of the farm lands surrounding it.

In the west manufacturing is now only in swaddling clothes. It is no exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of all manufactured articles needed by the people of the great agricultural sections of the west come from other than home factories. There are numerous lines of manufacturing that can never be successfully carried on in some sections of the agricultural United States. There are many other lines for which the west is particularly adapted, and there is no economic reason why these lines should not be manufactured at least in sufficient quantity to supply home needs.

Every citizen should assist his home state by using articles manufactured within it. Many states are carrying on a campaign of education along this line. Preference is always given to home goods, and this is home industry helped along.

One Editor's Advice.

A western editor in a recent number of his paper says: "We again desire to call our readers' attention to the fact that they should buy everything they use from home merchants, and not aid in building up large establishments in a distant city. Did you ever stop to think that every cent you buy at home aids the city in which you live, and all you send away drains the city of that much of the medium of exchange that should remain at home? The stability of your home institutions depends upon you and you alone. You do not believe that, but remember when you speak of other persons it is said as you, and when this explained means you. Your trade at home will make better mercantile establishments and a better city. The next time you are possessed with a spirit of getting something away from home, gently call a halt and go to your home merchants and call for what you want, and in nine cases out of ten you will find the desired article, but should you fail, ask the merchant to get it for you and see how rapidly he will accommodate you, and when the price is named and you compare it with the catalogue you will be agreeably surprised. Discard the idea that you must get something from a distance, but instead buy at home and every citizen become an advertising medium, and you will be surprised at the result. Don't say 'That article does not apply to me, for what little I get away from home does not amount to anything.' You are mistaken, for every little put together makes the larger things. Be loyal and do all your trading at home."

EVIL IN LITTLE JEALOUSIES.

Snobishness on Part of Merchants' Wives Sometimes Injures Trade.

Since the time of Eve woman has been accredited with being a jealous creature, and in history are recorded numerous cases where this element has had its influence in building up and tearing down nations. In the average rural town, among the little evils noticed, is that often merchants' wives do not consider the wives of the farmers their equals socially or otherwise. One woman in a town can cast the stigma of snobishness upon quite a few others who are known as her associates, and sometimes to the detriment of the place. It may be that wives of merchants dress better than do the wives and daughters of farmers. Possibly the children of the town tradesman may wear better clothes. Envy is a knife that cuts deep, and perhaps without apparent reason some woman concludes that the wife of a certain merchant thinks herself better than the wives of the people who give her husband a means of living. It is the women of the farm household who have the greatest influence in the matter of buying. A word from the wife will often turn trade from the usual channel, and this word may be caused by the attitude of the merchants' wife who, through some neglect or discourtesy, unfavorably impresses the wife of the farmer. There is nothing like a friendly feeling as a trade stimulant. If the wife of the merchant would only cultivate more closely the acquaintance and the friendship of the women residing in the farming districts which give the town support, it would work wonders in the way of bringing additional trade to the town. Snobishness never pays. The sturdy women who reside on farms are quite often the superiors of those who reside in the towns and are perhaps the wives of the merchants. The boys and girls reared on the farm average well with those of the towns. These facts should be realized. Petty jealousies should be done away with when they exist between the people who reside in the towns and those who reside in the country. It is best for the community.

The Country Editor.

If conscientious effort and merit mean anything, there is no good reason why the country editor should not expect to wear a golden crown and a diamond-studded harp in the good world to come. His sphere is surely one in which his usefulness is limited only by his ability to work. It may be a debatable question whether the average editor of a small town paper does more for the town than the town does for the editor. It may be true that one of the greatest sins that can be laid at his door is that of poverty—not poverty of brain but of pocket. He may labor for the enlightenment of an unappreciative people, but is there not compensation in knowing that a duty is faithfully performed? His efforts to boom the town may not always meet with an encouraging response in the way of good advertising patronage from the local business interests. His work of showing up his town as a live and progressive place sometimes falls flat because of a lack of good snappy advertising of the stores. There are few things that are a better criterion of the life of a place than the advertising pages of the local paper. By it a stranger is impressed either favorably or otherwise. If the paper is bright, newsy, well filled with advertising, there are in it indications that the town is progressive, the merchants prosperous, and that the people are of the class that make excellent neighbors. On the other hand, if there are only a few lines of local news, half a dozen small cards and announcements, and a few large advertisements of department stores and mail order houses in other cities, the impression is given to the reader that the town is a good place to steer clear of, and not the kind of place where one would care to build a home. D. M. CARR.

Trade at Home.

Patronage of the big mail order houses is founded largely on ignorance and shortsightedness. In one way it is akin to patronage of the get-rich-quick schemes. The buyer believes he is getting something for his money that is really not given, and fails to realize either where his money goes or what he gets for it.

No one would think of telephoning to a furniture store and asking the dealer to send up a dozen diningroom chairs without having seen the goods or of ordering a dress or pair of shoes, or a stove, in this way. Yet that is practically what the patron of the mail order house does. He orders by mail without having seen the goods or having any idea of their appearance or character. He is taking a long chance. Two things on which he has to base his conception of the articles ordered is a description in the catalogue and the cut given there. In other words, the attractiveness of the offer made depends on the promises of the firm and the engraver's art. It is possible to make a very creditable cut from a flimsy and worthless model. It is possible to describe an atrocious in a way that makes it appear most desirable. Incidentally it seems to be always possible to find some one who will accept the promise and cut at their face value, without properly discounting them, and on the creditability of these people, the mail order business thrives. A little investigation and comparison will convince the average person that his money will go further and yield greater returns if invested right here in Haverhill, despite the fictitious values offered by the outside houses. But the articles sold by the mail order houses must be compared as they really are, and not as they are reported to be in the catalogues—Haverhill (Mass.) Record.

Keep Money at Home.

By patronizing home industries people prevent money going to other sections of the country. Dollars sent to a distant place for commodities that can be produced, and often are produced at home, is money gone from local circulation, and which is not likely to ever return. It is the keeping of the wealth produced in a locality that makes that locality rich.

Earth-Weary

Pale brow too white for traceries of pain,
Frail hands too soft for this world's
thorns and rude.
Unearthly eyes beneath whose drooping
lids
There lay too much of heaven shining
through.
Faint, weary feet that strove to keep the
road,
But longed across the poppy fields to
rest;
Then God looked down—saw anguish in
her eyes,
And through a poppy sunset led her
home.
—Archibald Sullivan, in Appleton's.

GRANNY'S CARROTS

By JOSEPHINE A. VAN TASSEL BRUORTON

(Copyright.)

Granny turned pale and dropped the newspaper, with a sudden exclamation that caused Martha Jane to jump up from her seat at the breakfast table and run around to her quickly.

"What's the matter, mother?" she cried, anxiously. "Are you ill?"

Granny disliked to be ailing or to have anybody think she was ill. She sat up straight again—perfectly straight—and looked at Martha Jane severely.

"I'm never ill, Martha Jane," she said stiffly.

"Well, what's the matter, then?" said the daughter, still more anxiously.

"When mother gives way even for a minute," she told her husband afterward, "there's sure to be something dreadfully out of kilter!"

Her mother stared straight ahead and did not answer for a full minute. Then she said in a voice which she vainly tried to make firm:

"The water has broken through into the Santa Rosita mines."

"Oh, my sakes!" cried Martha Jane, picking up the paper with trembling hands.

For years granny's small savings had been invested in the Santa Rosita coal mine, and though her investment did not bring her a fortune, there was enough to clothe her, pay her board, and give her a little spending money. And now it was all gone, swept away by that awful wave that had carried death and destruction into the mine, and granny could be independent no more. Martha Jane looked the paper all through to see if the report had not been contradicted; but no, there it was in black and white.

For a day or two granny was a little more quiet and thoughtful, though she appeared as cheerful as ever. Her beautiful old face had lost its faint color, but it was just as sweet, and the paleness only set off its wonderful clearness and delicacy.

Eleanor Rossman openly commented on it when she ran in to ask Mattie Folsom, Martha Jane's oldest daughter, to walk down to the Bowling club with her that evening.

"Mrs. Benton," she said, "I wish you would tell me what you do to keep such a wonderful complexion at your age. It must run in your family, for Mrs. Folsom and Mattie, too, have the same beautiful skin, and such wonderful coloring. No, I'm not flattering a bit, Mattie. We girls have always admired your complexion and I've been trying to get up courage to ask you what cosmetics you use."

"Cosmetics!" she cried. "Why, I never used such a thing in my life. Granny always says, clear water and fresh air are the only cosmetics a girl needs."

"But surely, Mrs. Benton," said Eleanor incredulously, "you must use something to keep such a wonderful complexion at your age."

Granny opened her mouth to speak, and Eleanor added quickly:

"Don't think I want to coax any secrets away from you, Mrs. Benton. But just look at my skin—coarse and rough as a nutmeg-grater, and the more cosmetics I use the worse it gets. Why, mamma was speaking about it the other day, and she said she'd give a hundred dollars to find out what made you three women have such beautiful complexions."

Granny tried two or three times to speak. At last she said timidly:

"Miss Rossman, do you think your mother would be willing to let you come to me every day for luncheon and—and—pay—a little for my treatment?"

"Oh, I know she would, Mrs. Benton," cried Eleanor, positively. "I'll tell her about it this very day. Good-by, Mattie."

The next morning granny received a note from Mrs. Rossman, and that afternoon from six other ladies of her acquaintance, all eager to put their daughters under her care.

When the girls arrived they looked curiously at the table, which was dimly lit in the old-fashioned way with the entire meal placed on it at once. Granny looked the ideal hostess of colonial days as she sat at the head of the table—her fine, soft wavy hair drawn back over a cushion, and her slender, erect figure looking more youthful than ever in an old-fashioned short gown.

There was a small bowl half filled with rich creamy milk set at each plate, and granny smilingly helped each of her guests to a generous tablespoonful ofasty pudding. Then mattie removed the bowls, and a pea-soup was served, followed by roast chicken and brown bread and butter. These in their turn were superseded by a pudding, whose principal ingredient must have been eggs—and eggs—and more eggs, if one judged by its rich golden color. Every plate was emptied, and no one refused a second helping.

Eleanor said smilingly as she passed her plate: "You are more than good to us, Mrs. Benton! I feared we should have but Lenten fare, and I really dreaded to come for fear our luncheon would be all cereals and not even a suspicion of a dessert."

After that a glass of foamy, acid drink was passed to each. The flavor was peculiar but pleasant.

Then granny said deprecatingly: "Now I must ask you to eat as little candy, cake and rich pastry as you

can possibly content yourselves with."

The girls laughingly promised to abstain and made ready to depart. As they went out granny gave each one a jelly tumbler, filled with beautifully clear, amber jelly.

The girls looked at one another knowingly.

"Mother said she was sure she would give us a cosmetic of some kind," whispered Tessy Thompson.

Mrs. Benton must have overheard her, for the delicate old face flushed faintly.

"Please eat that just before going to bed," she said emphatically.

The girls stared.

"Must we eat it all?" asked one at last.

"Will it be very hard to take, Mrs. Benton?" cried another.

Granny smiled.

"You shall judge for yourselves," she said, taking up the tumbler meant for Mattie; opening it, she passed it around.

There were murmurs of approval from every one.

"My, I shall not mind eating that!"

Every day the menu was varied a little, but it was substantially the same. Sometimes a delicate fish or choice game was substituted for the chicken; but there was never any meat. However, there was always a pudding or entree of that peculiarly flavored yellow stuff, and there was always a glass of acid drink at the close of the meal, nor was the pretty tumbler of delicious jelly to be taken home ever omitted. But the latter, though always of the clear amber color, never tasted twice alike, it seemed to the girls, and they never tired of it.

At the end of six months the improvement in the general health and appetite of granny's "patients" was wonderful, and as to the complexions, even Tessy Thompson's muddy, bilious skin was beginning to turn a clear olive, which greatly rejoiced her mother's heart.

At the end of that time Marie Winterfield's mother decided to go to Europe for a year, and she offered granny a large sum of money, on condition that she sold her secret. Granny at



Whispered Her Secret Into Mrs. Winterfield's Ear.

first shook her head decidedly, but Mrs. Winterfield promised never to reveal it and to make the stuff with her own hands for Marie's use alone, so granny at last consented to the proposition, and whispered her secret into Mrs. Winterfield's eager ear.

"Carrots, my dear madam," she said. Nothing but carrots grated and used as flavoring, sometimes in a common custard pudding, with enough nutmeg or almond flavoring to disguise the taste, or in any entree of any kind.

"And the jelly?" queried Mrs. Winterfield.

"Chicken or beef or lamb, flavored with carrots."

"And the acid drink, carrots again!"

"No," said Granny smiling. "That was the juice of a whole lemon with a level teaspoonful of common cooking soda dissolved in it, and a little water added."

"But Marie never would eat carrots before!" expostulated the astonished Mrs. Winterfield.

"And she won't eat them now," interrupted granny, "if you tell her about them. Mattie dislikes carrots, too; she says they make her ill. So this is the way her mother and I have contrived in order for her to take a sufficient quantity to make her complexion pure and clear, and give it the peculiar delicacy of coloring which can be obtained in no other way."

Granny still has her lunch parties as the girls call them; but she sets several tables now instead of one, and there are always girls anxiously waiting for vacant places. And though the water has long since been pumped out of the Santa Rosita and the mining stock is again paying a good dividend, granny does not watch the mining reports any more. She knows that there is no longer any fear of her being left dependent in her old age; and that coal is nowhere near so safe an investment as carrots.